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# JUVENILE TEMPERANCE RECITER:

A COLLECTION

OF

RECITATIONS AND DECLAMATIONS,

*IN PROSE AND VERSE,*

FOR USE IN

BANDS OF HOPE, JUVENILE TEMPLES, TEMPERANCE  
SCHOOLS, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, AND ALL  
JUVENILE ORGANIZATIONS.

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NEW YORK:

The National Temperance Society and Publication House,  
58 READE STREET.

1880.

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HV 5071

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1880.

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## JUVENILE TEMPERANCE RECITER.

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### *What to Drink.*

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

THE Lily drinks the sunlight,  
The Primrose drinks the dew,  
The Cowslip sips the running brook,  
The Hyacinth heaven's blue.

The Peaches quaff the dawnlight,  
The Pears the autumn noon,  
The Apple-blossoms drink the rain  
And the first warm air of June.

The Wind-flower and the Violet  
Draw in the April breeze,  
And sun, and rain, and hurricane  
Are the tipples of the trees.

But not a bud or greenling,  
From the Hyssop on the wall  
To the Cedars of Mount Lebanon,  
Is steeped in alcohol.

From all earth's emerald basin,  
From the blue sky's sapphire bowl,  
No living thing of root or wing  
Partakes that deadly dole.

I'll quaff the Lily's nectar,  
 I'll sip at the Cowslip's cup,  
 I'll drink the shower, the sun, the breeze,  
 But never a poisoned drop.

---

*Something to be Done.*

MARY D. CHELLIS.

THERE'S a battle to be fought,  
 A victory to be gained ;  
 There's a country to be saved,  
 A host from sin reclaimed.

There's an enemy abroad,  
 So subtle and so strong  
 That the conflict must be fierce,  
 The struggle must be long.

We're recruiting for the ranks  
 For years and years to come,  
 That our numbers may not fail  
 Ere triumph shall be won.

---

*" Sample-Room."*

[THIS IS A NEW NAME FOR A GROG-SHOP.]

VIRGINIA J. KENT.

" SAMPLE " of a daughter, brother,  
 Lured to ruin, sin, and shame ;  
 " Sample " of a father, mother,  
 Lost to reason, right, and fame !  
 " Sample " of the red wine mocker,  
 " Sample " of the serpent's sting,  
 " Sample " of a midnight murder,  
 " Sample " of each cursèd thing !

“Sample” of all woes for ever,  
“Sample” of all sorrows known,  
“Sample” of all vain endeavor,  
“Sample” of God’s image flown !

“Sample”—not of manhood’s greatness ;  
“Sample”—not the godlike fear ;  
But of vice and all uncleanness,  
Vengeance, fury, and despair !

---

### *God’s Work.*

ELLA WHEELER.

GATHERING brands from the burning,  
Plucking them out of the fire,  
Lifting the sheep that have wandered  
Out of the dust and the mire ;  
Bringing home sheaves from the harvest,  
To lay at the Master’s feet—  
Lord, all thy hosts of angels  
Must smile on a life so sweet.

Speaking with fear of no man,  
Speaking with love for all,  
Warning the young and thoughtless  
From the wild beast, “Alcohol” ;  
Showing the snares that the tempter  
Weaveth on every hand—  
Lord, all thy dear, dear angels  
Must smile on a life so grand.

Fighting the bloodless battle  
With a heart that is true and bold—  
Fighting it not for glory,  
Fighting it not for gold,

But out of love for his neighbor,  
And out of love for his Lord ;  
I know that the hands of the angels  
Will crown him with his reward.

For whoso works for the Master,  
And whoso fights His fight,  
The angel's crown with a star-wreath ;  
And it glows with gems most bright.  
They wear them for ever and ever,  
The saints in that land of bliss,  
And I know that heaven's best jewel  
Is kept for a soul like this.

---

### *A Call for Recruits.*

(As the speaker advances to the platform, some boy should beat a drum, and stop as he completes his first sentence.)

HARK ! the drum is beating for recruits. Who will volunteer to take up arms and fight against this awful demon ? His name is Alcohol, or Strong Drink, and the fearful amount of crime, misery, pauperism, lunacy, and death which he has caused, and is still causing, calls aloud to every friend of humanity to act a brother's part and come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty !" Though the foe is great, and has a mighty power, the painful ravages of this monster shall not continue for ever. There shall come a time when God's glory shall "cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." If it were not so the Saviour would never have taught us to pray : "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name ; Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." And when that glorious time shall come there will not be a drunkard nor dram-shop on the face of the whole world. Is it not worth your while, then,



to help on that glad time? Will you not come and help us in this warfare, and take up arms for the defence and the redemption of our country, and by every means in your power attempt to banish this crying evil from our midst?

In the name of suffering humanity we appeal to each and all of you to set your faces against, and use your influence to pull down and root up for ever, the drinking customs of our land. Will you not enlist yourselves on our side?

---

### *Strike for Prohibition.*

STRIKE for prohibition;

Ask for nothing less;

Labor for its triumph,

Pray for its success.

Put it in your school-books;

Teach it to the young;

Let it be the key-note

Of the nation's song.

Sound it from the pulpit,

Through the public press;

Speed it on its mission,

Every home to bless.

With its holy incense

Burden ev'ry breeze

From Lake Superior's waters

To the Southern Seas.

Waft it on the zephyrs

Over ev'ry State,

From Atlantic's borders

To the Golden Gate.

Onward let the echoes  
 Roll from shore to shore,  
 Heralding the demon  
 Banished evermore !

---

### *Temperance.*

MORE of good than we can tell,  
 More to buy with, more to sell ;  
 More of comfort, less of care,  
 More to eat and more to wear ;  
 Happier homes, with faces brighter,  
 All our burdens rendered lighter ;  
 Conscience clean and minds much stronger,  
 Debts much shorter, purses longer ;  
 Hopes that drive away all sorrow,  
 And something laid up for to-morrow.

---

### *A Water-Drinker's Song.*

FRED SHERLOCH.

LET those who will  
 Go drink their fill  
 Of ale, or beer, or wine, boys !  
 'Twill better pay,  
 I boldly say,  
 To keep to water fine, boys !  
 With muddled head  
 In danger led,  
 The toper comes to grief, sirs ;  
 But water bright  
 Will keep one right  
 And strong, is my belief, sirs.

Take away care,  
The foe beware,  
Refuse the tempting dram, sirs ;  
True courage gain,  
Like men abstain,  
And steady keep the brain, sirs ;  
With heart and nerve  
Your country serve,  
Beat down the lust of greed, boys !  
'Tis not by gold,  
But purpose bold,  
The nation shall be freed, boys.

---

### *The Band of Hope Pledge.*

THERE'S *danger* in the *drink*, boys,  
It's led good men astray ;  
There's *safety* in the *pledge*, boys,  
*It* leads in the safe way.

There's *mischieif* in the *drink*, boys,  
We see it every day ;  
There's *power* in the *pledge*, boys,  
To drive the sin away.

There are *squabbles* in the *drink*, boys—  
Just hear the drunkard swear ;  
There's *order* in the *pledge*, boys,  
We see it everywhere.

There's *mockery* in the *drink*, boys,  
The adder's sting is there ;  
There's *wisdom* in the *pledge*, boys—  
Keep it by " faith and prayer."

There's *falsehood* in the *drink*, boys ;  
 How many it has grieved !  
 There's *justice* in the *pledge*, boys ;  
 None has it wronged—deceived.

There's *sadness* in the *drink*, boys,  
 It wrings the head with pain ;  
 There's *gladness* in the *pledge*, boys,  
 If you will aye abstain.

There's *discord* in the *drink*, boys,  
 And “brawls” of every kind.  
 There's *concord* in the *pledge*, boys ;  
 About thy neck *it* bind.

There's *ruin* in the *drink*, boys ;  
 How many it has killed !  
 There's *beauty* in the *pledge*, boys ;  
 With joy my heart it's filled.

---

### *Good Habits.*

JAMES H. KELLOGG.

IF a man is only a “bundle of habits,”  
 And the habits the growth of years,  
 Of working or shirking, dreaming or scheming,  
 Of loves, and hates, and fears—

Then a boy should begin with such habits  
 As are just, and manly, and right ;  
 He should learn to hate the false and the wrong,  
 And in good to take delight.

He should speak the truth in holy love,  
 And help his needy brother ;  
 The Lord has promised a rich reward  
 For the good we do each other.

He should try to be both gentle and meek,  
And joyful and faithful, too ;  
In every place and at every time  
To be kind, and respectful, and true.

The habit of sipping wine or beer,  
Or drinking whiskey or gin  
When "hot or cold, when wet or when dry,"  
I hope you will *never begin*.

Say *no!* when you're offered the first tempting glass,  
And say it so firmly, too,  
That the boy or the man who hands you the drink  
Will find something better to do.

I would sign the pledge on my next birthday,  
And keep it for all my life ;  
This will save you a world of trouble and care,  
And woe, and sorrow, and strife.

---

### *The Invader.*

A CRY of agony rings throughout our country. East, West, North, and South echo the sad refrain. It comes from broken, widowed hearts and with orphan tears ; the awful wail of lost souls swells the dismal chorus. Why are these lamentations heard around us ? Because a demon has invaded our once happy land, spreading death, desolation, and misery on every hand. He promises fair, yet his promises are but cheating lies to lure his victims to destruction. To him the words of the Psalmist might be well applied : "He hath laid his hand upon such as be at peace with him, he hath broken his covenant ; the words of his mouth are softer than butter, but war is in his heart ; his words are smoother than oil, yet they are drawn

swords." Under the guise of truest friendship he drags his victims down to vice, sorrow, and death in this world, and eternal ruin in the next. None are so rich that they are above the grasp of his destructive power ; none so poor but they become his victims. He destroys our homes, breaks up our happiness, sowing strife and discord in thousands of families, and carries away the fairest victims. Our jails, asylums, and poor-houses are filled by his influence. In almost every city, town, and village, as well as by the highway side, he spreads his nets, that the unwary may fall therein. He clothes himself in a variety of guises and assumes a variety of names, but whatever the guise or name, the same evil spirit pervades his whole nature. He is a vile deceiver.

---

### *Little Drops.*

LITTLE drops of claret,  
Now and then, at first,  
Form an awful habit  
And a dreadful thirst.

Little drinks of lager,  
Little cups of ale,  
Make the biggest guzzler—  
Never knew it fail.

Little kegs of whiskey  
Often brought from town,  
Make a man a monkey,  
Or a silly clown.

Little drops of brandy,  
Little drops of rye,  
Make the mighty toper  
And the watery eye.

*Do Thy Little.*

Do thy little—do it well ;  
Do what right and reason tell ;  
Do what wrong and sorrow claim—  
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be  
Dreariness and drudgery ;  
They whom Christ apostles made  
“Gathered fragments” when He bade.

Do thy little. God hath made  
Million leaves for forest shade ;  
Smallest stars their glory bring ;  
God employeth everything.

Do thy little ; and when thou  
Feelest on thy pallid brow,  
Ere has fled the vital breath,  
Cold and damp, the sweat of death,

Then the little thou hast done—  
Little battles thou hast won,  
Little masteries achieved,  
Little wants with care relieved,  
Little words in love expressed,  
Little wrongs at once confessed,  
Little favors kindly done,  
Little toils thou didst not shun,  
Little graces meekly won,  
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown thy pillowed head,  
Holy light upon thee shed ;  
These are treasures that shall rise  
Far beyond the shining skies.

*Drink Not a Drop.*

IF I would not be a drunkard,  
 I must not drink a drop  
 Of wine, that looks so tempting  
 Within the ruby cup ;  
 For such a small beginning,  
 Though innocent it seem,  
 May lead me on to sinning  
 More fearful than I dream.

If I would not be a drunkard,  
 I stoutly must refuse  
 All the sorts of beer and cider  
 Which other people use.  
 They may not steal my reason,  
 But they will give the taste,  
 And lead me on when older  
 To drinking all the rest.

*Not One Step Backward.*

R. THOMPSON.

NOT one step backward ; ever on,  
 Till the great temp'rance victory 's won,  
 We'll press our way and boldly fight,  
 Strong in the confidence of right.

Not one step backward ; on we'll go  
 Till drunkenness, our common foe,  
 Receives a last, a mortal thrust,  
 And lies expiring in the dust.

Not one step backward ; onward still  
 We'll press with firm, determined will,  
 Till age like youth are free  
 From drink's enslaving tyranny.



Not one step backward ; still we'll on  
 Till all our fellows, every one,  
 Are freed from its debasing thrall  
 And temperance is the rule of all.

---

*What a Pity!*

WHAT a pity people drink,  
 Losing all their senses !  
 If they would but try to think,  
 They wouldn't have such fancies.

For what is ale or porter,  
 Making heads to ache ?  
 It is but poisoned water,  
 Making nerves to shake

Will you now, my friends, allow  
 A little boy's advice ?  
 You'll never have a drunken row  
 In your teetotal house.

I beg that you the pledge will take,  
 And throw the drink away ;  
 Do it for your children's sake,  
 And do it right away.

---

*Don't Begin.*

If you would not be a swearer,  
 Don't begin ;  
 In the first low-uttered oath  
 Lies the sin !  
 If you would not be a drunkard,  
 Don't begin ;  
 In the first glass lies your danger—  
 Don't begin !

*Speech for a Band of Hope Boy.*

FOR AN ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

MR. CHAIRMAN, ladies and gentlemen: I should not venture to address to you any remarks this evening were I not convinced that you will grant me the greatest indulgence, and cheerfully forgive any errors into which I may fall. It might be expected, on such a happy occasion as this, some information would be given to visitors as to the object and work of our Band of Hope. I think I may be forgiven if I say that our object is a noble one, since we endeavor to prevent the children falling into a well-known, and which all admit to be one of the greatest evils of our day—I mean the evil of drunkenness.

Mr. Chairman, you will excuse me, therefore, naming our society a preventive society. Our Committee look around, and they find that many persons become paupers, criminals, or lunatics through the drinking of intoxicating liquors; and they find also that these persons learned to drink when they were young. Our Committee then wisely determined to use some means to protect the children of our day from such a terrible end. To accomplish this good result we are invited to meet together week by week; with the consent of our parents we have made a promise never to taste a drop of intoxicating liquor as beverages, and, in order to encourage and help us to keep that promise, at our weekly meetings we are instructed in the nature and properties of strong drinks, and by earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father we are made strong to bear ridicule, and to hold fast to our promise against every temptation.

Some persons might fear that if the children were taught to abstain from intoxicating drinks, they might

suffer in bodily and mental strength, or lose their position in society ; but, ladies and gentlemen, you will, I am convinced, agree with me when I say that such results have never been found. I appeal to every one present this evening whether the bright eyes and the rosy cheeks of our Band of Hope members are not equal in appearance to any that children who drink moderately can show. I am quite certain of one fact, that the ladies who preside at the tea-tables are quite agreed that our teetotalism has not taken away our appetites or robbed us of good digestions. We are quite sure that we are better in body and mind, and in every respect, than those who are exposed to the temptation of the drink.

Let us take courage ; under the banner of temperance the great and noble are now gathering. We follow in the footsteps of good and brave men whose names will live for ever. At our head we behold John Wesley, the pious and industrious minister ; Sir Henry Havelock, the soldier of India ; Sir John Ross, the explorer of the Arctic seas ; and many other glorious names, who in one voice bid us hold faithfully to the pledge. If, ladies and gentlemen, you will help us by your example and by your kind gifts, we shall feel encouraged to continue in this good work. Allow me, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, to thank you very much for your kind attention to my few remarks.

---

### *Queer Medicines.*

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

“ I ’M dry,” says the glutton,  
 “ As dry as a fish ;  
 So give me a ‘ bumper ’  
 To season my dish.”

“I’m wet,” says the traveller ;

“I fain would be dry.

Prepare for my comfort

A glass of ‘old rye.’”

“I’m cold ! almost frozen ;

So build up a fire

In shape of a ‘rum-punch,’

To make me perspire.”

“I’m hot,” says the other,

“From toe unto crown.

I’d fain have a ‘julep’

To cool my blood down.”

And so men will swallow,

To patch up their ills

And change their condition,

The devil’s worst pills.

---

### *I’m Teetotal, I Assure You.*

FOR A SMALL BOY.

I’m a little tiny thing,

But I’m teetotal, I assure you,

And I’m not ashamed to bring

This subject now before you.

Many little ones are taught

To love the drunkard’s drink, sir ;

And when they’ve grown they’ve soon been

brought

To beggary and want, sir.

To prison and the hangman’s drop—

The drink has done all this, sir ;

Before the dupes themselves would stop

They’ve sacrificed their lives, sir.

I know I'm on the winning side ;  
 Drink will not master me, sir.  
 I *feel* I am my mother's pride ;  
 Drink will ne'er break *her heart*, sir.

I'll fight the monster, *that* I will—  
 I have a sword for this, sir ;  
 I'll *drink the water from the rill*,  
 And that will stab him through, sir.

I'm only now a little man,  
 But when I am full grown, sir,  
 I'll *beard* the monster in his den,  
 And follow up the blow, sir.

---

### *The Rumseller's Song.*

REV. CHAS. WHEELER DENISON.

THE rumseller sat in his den alone,  
 Singing his thoughts in an undertone.  
 Shrouded in silence, his work was done  
 Since the rise and set of the daily sun.  
 He had squared his books ; he had counted his gains ;  
 Then he startled the night with his spirited strains ;  
 And he sang as he hoarded his wages of sin :

“ I gather them in ! I gather them in !  
 Gather ! gather ! gather !  
 I gather them in !

“ The old with their thin and frosty hair,  
 The young with ringlets dark and fair,  
 The smiling bridegroom and the bride,  
 The brother and sister, side by side,  
 Captive and bound in the toils I spread ;  
 On to their doom my victims tread—  
 Stranger and neighbor, alien, kin,  
 I gather them in ! I gather them in !

“The statesman, the orator, learned and proud,  
 The tramp in the rags of the dirty crowd,  
 The toiler on land, the child of the sea,  
 By thousands and thousands come trooping to me !  
 In the golden ray of the morning light,  
 In the darkness, and stillness, and dead of night,  
 From the desert waste, from the city’s din,  
 I gather them in ! I gather them in !

“Through all ages of time, through all regions of  
 space,  
 I trade in the blood of the human race !  
 My license to kill is all free from a flaw,  
 For the votes of good Christians enacted the law !  
 The ballots of party I hold in my hand,  
 And the leaders are hacks to obey my command !”  
 So the rumseller sang of his wages of sin :  
 “I gather them in ! I gather them in !  
 Gather ! gather ! gather !  
 Gather them in !”

---

### *Strength for To-day.*

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,  
 As there never will be a to-morrow ;  
 For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
 With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life  
 With such sad and grave persistence,  
 And watch and wait for a crowd of ills  
 That as yet have no existence ?

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon  
 For the earnest souls who labor,  
 For the willing hands that minister  
 For the needy friend or neighbor !

Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts  
In the battle for right may quail not,  
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears  
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day—on the downhill track,  
For the travellers near the valley,  
That up, far up, the other side  
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth  
May happily shun temptation,  
And build, from the rise to the set of the sun,  
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day—in house and home  
To practise forbearance sweetly ;  
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,  
Still trusting in God completely.

---

### *The Children's Pledge.*

THIS little band do with our hand  
The pledge now sign to drink no wine ;  
Nor brandy red, to turn our head ;  
Nor crazy gin, to tempt to sin ;  
Nor whiskey hot, that makes the sot ;  
Nor ale nor beer, to make us queer ;  
Nor fiery rum, to turn our home  
Into a hell where none could dwell ;  
Where peace would fly, where hope would die,  
And love expire 'mid such a fire.  
To quench our thirst we'll always bring  
Cold water from the well or spring ;  
So here we pledge perpetual hate  
To all that can intoxicate.

### *A Fool's Excuse.*

G. W. BUNGAY.

HE who drinks when he's hot  
To keep himself cool,  
Adds the vice of the sot  
To the deed of a fool !  
He who drinks when he's cool  
To keep himself hot,  
Adds the deed of a fool  
To the vice of a sot.

---

### *Never Give Up.*

NEVER give up, children ; don't say, "I won't," or "I can't," but instead say, "I'll try, any way, and succeed if possible." Don't be like the negligent school-boy who takes his book to work out a problem, but soon throws it down, saying, "I can't understand that ; why do I try ? I cannot waste my precious time here ; I ought to be out of doors snowballing." And so off he goes, feeling very much injured that his teacher should wish him to destroy his health by studying arithmetic when he ought to be exercising in the open air. Yes, there is the excuse—a worn one, by the way—that scholars often make to themselves, to crush down their conscience, which *will* sometimes rebuke notwithstanding.

Don't surrender at trifles. I suppose you have all read of the prince who went to seek his fortune once upon a time, and was obliged to hew down masses of rock as high as mountains that lay in his pathway ; but he succeeded, building castles and founding cities, because he never gave up, and at last was made king of the world.



Now if you will hew down the rock "I can't," and build up the castle "I'll try," never fear but that you will be made king, not of the world, but of yourself, which I think is much better. You will not then be likely to throw your books into one corner, while you sit in another, feeling very unreasonable, and ready to fly into a passion at the slightest provocation, all because you have said, "I can't learn my lesson, and what is more, I won't try!"

Don't be dismayed at obstacles. They are things that *will* come up before us, and they *must* be overcome. Remember with what small means great things have been accomplished, and remember, too, that it is within your power to do nearly, if not quite, as well, providing that you will say, "I will never give up!"

---

### *The Inebriate's Ladder.*

MRS. C. H. OBEAR.

THE inebriate's ladder

I'll describe, my dear friends,  
Round by round from the top  
(For it never ascends).

The first round is cider,  
With perhaps some home-wine ;  
Tobacco with these two  
Will often combine.

The next round, *hard* cider,  
With strong beer or ale,  
Or now and then whiskey,  
If you're feeble and pale.  
Once your foot on this round  
Your relish is gone  
For pure, simple drinks,  
And ill turns oft come on.

Soon you crave something stronger ;  
 The next lower round  
 You will find gin and brandy,  
 At first weakened down ;  
 But your thirst still increases,  
 " You *must* quaff at a bowl  
 Not diluted or weakened,  
 If it ruins your soul."

Another step down  
 You will find the pure *rum* ;  
 And when *that* step's taken,  
 To the last you have come !  
 Below you the pit !  
 And you stand there *alone*—  
 Health, home, and happiness  
 Evermore gone !

---

### *Be Steady.*

BE steady, boys ; whate'er you do  
 Remember the pledge to keep in view,  
 And whether belonging to red or blue,  
 Be steady.

Remember, boys, 'tis hard to bear  
 The scoffs, abuse, the slurs, the care  
 That we are called upon to share—  
 Be steady.

Just think of the army in the field,  
 Before whom Alcohol must yield ;  
 Then wear your ribbon for a shield—  
 Be steady.

Then stand up manly in the fight,  
 Until Satan's hosts are put to flight ;  
 Your cause is just, you're in the right—  
     Be steady.

Then be steady, boys ; whate'er you do  
 Remember the pledge to keep in view ;  
 We belong to an army that's brave and true—  
     Be steady.

---

*Only a Boy.*

“ I am only a boy ! ” did you say ?  
     Well, yes ; I am only a boy—  
 A boy full of mischievous play.  
     Let me ask, Were you ever a boy ?

I am only a boy ! What of that ?  
     I shall grow, if I live, to a man ;  
 I shall throw away tops, ball and bat,  
     And work on a definite plan.

I am only a boy, it is true ;  
     It would do you more good, sir, by far,  
 To romp about now as I do  
     Than to puff at that sickly cigar.

I'm a Band of Hope boy, sir ; I've signed  
     The pledge to abstain from strong drink ;  
 And there's many a man I could find  
     Would do well to do that, sir, I think.

Yes, there's many a man that I know  
     Would do better to act in that way  
 Than to win to himself boundless wealth,  
     For wealth would but lead him astray.

I am only a boy, it is true,  
But I'm going to do what I can ;  
And if I do that, sir, why, you  
Will believe I shall make a good man.

I shall fight for the right while I can,  
And my talents and time well employ ;  
If I would be a temperance man,  
Why, I must be a temperance boy.

---

### *Rallying Song of the Temperance Army.*

WE are marshalling the forces  
Of an army true and strong ;  
We are marching to the music  
Of a ringing temperance song ;  
We are going forth to battle  
With a hydra-headed wrong,  
Till one grand, triumphant chorus  
Shall the victors' shout prolong !

Where the bugle calls to battle—  
If Heaven that call repeat—  
If right and duty lead us,  
There alone the path is sweet !  
Though the proud may deem this service  
Both for us and them unmeet,  
Unheeding scorn or frowning,  
We will go with fearless feet !

We are pledged to guard each other,  
And all those we love the best,  
From the poisoned darts and arrows  
Of a fell destroyer's quest !

And our battle-cry is "Onward !  
No faltering and no rest  
Till his flaunting, mocking ensign  
In dishonored dust is pressed !"

With hearts aglow with pity  
For the tempted ones we fall,  
And with arms outstretched to rescue  
Wounded friend or foe, or all.  
We are pledged to do our utmost  
To break down this tyrant's thrall ;  
Ne'er "Am I my brother's keeper ?"  
Be *our* answer to God's call!

See, bright from many a hill-top  
New camp-fires flash and glow ;  
From rank and file and tented field  
Hear songs of victory go !  
Shout answers shout—a wave of sound  
Breaks in impetuous flow—  
"All hail!" "What cheer?" "'Tis morning";  
"We are conquering the foe!"

---

### *A Little Girl's Speech.*

THEY thought I couldn't make a speech,  
I'm such a little tot ;  
I'll show them whether I can do  
A thing or two, or not.

Don't be afraid to fight the wrong,  
Or stand up for the right ;  
And when you've nothing else to say,  
Be sure you say—good-night.

*Four Reasons.*

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

This may be used as well for any other organization, by changing the words "Band of Hope" to the name of the Society.

MR. CHAIRMAN, ladies and gentlemen : I have been asked by our secretary to say a few words to you this evening. I must first say that I feel myself quite unable to say anything to those who are so much older than your humble servant ; I shall therefore, with your kind permission, Mr. Chairman, say a few words to the members of our Band of Hope, who are here in good numbers this evening ; but their numbers do not surprise me, for the members are naturally anxious to be present to show their sympathy with the Band of Hope work.

Fellow-members, why have we acted wisely in joining this Band of Hope ? I will give you four reasons why, in my humble opinion, we have done right. First, we are right in joining the Band of Hope, because we want to save MONEY. If we have any money to spend, we want to spend it in that which will feed the body, clothe the back, or educate the mind. Intoxicating drinks cannot do any of these good things ; they cannot give strength, they are only a false stimulant, they never act as a food, they only create an appetite for themselves. The drinking of intoxicating liquors often makes the drinker indifferent as to the clothes he wears, for the money paid to the publican had better be paid to the draper and the tailor. Intoxicating liquors are useless for brain-work, and those who take them for that purpose injure the brain and in time destroy the mental faculties. Fellow-members, when we are older we want to be our own landlords, and if we save the same amount of money that many of our rela-

tives spend on the drink we shall in the future be able to bid the landlord good-by and have money in the bank to spend in old age. Secondly, we have done right in joining the Band of Hope, because we want to save our HEALTH. Some of our members have been abstainers all their lives; I venture to say that those of our parents who have trained us in temperance ways have nothing to complain of in regard to our health. Our strength is good, our tongues are never quiet, and our appetites are very remarkable. We want to preserve this beautiful gift of health; we know that the drinking of intoxicating liquors not only takes away health, but also destroys life. Thirdly, we have done rightly in signing the pledge, because we want to save CHARACTER. The boy who seeks a situation without a character will find it very difficult to obtain a good master. A good character is more valuable than either wealth or health. Let us seek to keep this important blessing. No one can deny that a master would rather employ a man who can be trusted always to be present at the hour of commencing business than a man whose bad habits keep him up late at night, and send him to business late the next morning. Who, then, can deserve the confidence of his employer better than the man who, abstaining from strong drinks, and from places where the drink is sold, retires to rest early and is up with the lark in the morning?

We make no boast, but it cannot be denied that total abstainers are seldom seen in the prisoners' dock at the police court, and their characters are generally free from crime or debt.

I will trouble you, Mr. Chairman, with but one more reason, and this last one shall be the most important of all. We all want to obtain wealth, health, and good character, but above all we desire to save our

SOULS. Total abstinence will not open the gate of heaven to us, but under its influence we shall form such associations that our thoughts will be directed to spiritual things, and we shall find joy by attending the church and the Sunday-school. Ladies and gentlemen, I will not trouble you with any more reasons ; I will conclude this short address with the following lines :

“ To save the cash, to save my brains,  
 To break each slavish link,  
 To have a hope of heaven at last,  
 I never touch the drink.

“ I'm sure you think my reasons good ;  
 My earnest words don't blame.  
 You think 'tis good for *me* to sign :  
 Why don't *you* do the same ? ”

---

### *Independence Day.*

(A SPEECH FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.)

REV. MR. PIERPONT was one of the poets of the early days of the reform. On July 4, 1839, the law being on the side of temperance in Boston, a great jubilee meeting was held, and Mr. Pierpont contributed the following ode, set to “ Yankee Doodle,” and couched in genuine Yankee language :

Says Jonathan, says he, “ To-day,  
 I will be independent,  
 And so my grog I'll throw away,  
 And there shall be an end on 't.  
 Clear the house ! The 'tarnal stuff  
 Sha'n't be here so handy ;  
 Wife has given the winds her snuff,  
 So now here goes my brandy.



“And now,” says Jonathan, “towards rum  
I’m desperate unforgiving ;  
The tyrant never more shall come  
Into the house I live in.  
Kindred spirits, too, shall in-  
To utter darkness go forth ;  
Whiskey, Toddy, Julep, Gin,  
Brandy, Beer, and so forth.

“While this cold water fills my cup  
Duns dare not assail me ;  
Sheriffs shall not lock me up,  
Nor my neighbor bail me.  
Lawyers will I never let  
Choose me as defendant ;  
Till to death I pay my debt  
I will be independent.”

---

### *The Best that I Can.*

“I CANNOT do much,” said a little star,  
“To make the dark world bright ;  
My silver beams cannot struggle far  
Through the folding gloom of night !  
But I am a part of God’s great plan,  
And I’ll cheerfully do the best that I can.”

“What is the use,” said a fleecy cloud,  
“Of these dewdrops that I hold ?  
They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
Though caught in her cup of gold ;  
Yet I am a part of God’s great plan ;  
My treasures I’ll give as well as I can.”

A child went merrily forth to play,  
But a thought, like a silver thread,  
Kept winding in and out all day  
Through the happy, busy head :  
"Mother said, 'Darling, do all you can,  
For you are a part of God's great plan.'"

So she helped a younger child along,  
When the road was rough to the feet ;  
And she sang from her heart a little song,  
A song that was passing sweet ;  
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,  
Said, "I also will do the best that I can."

---

### *Drive the Nail.*

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,  
Hit it on the head ;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
While the iron's red.  
Lessons you're to learn, boys,  
Study with a will ;  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky,  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try ?  
Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be downcast ;  
Try and try again, boys :  
You'll succeed at last.

Ever persevere, boys,  
 Though your task is hard ;  
 Toil and happy cheer, boys,  
 Bring their own reward.  
 Never give it up, boys,  
 Always say you'll try ;  
 Joy will fill your cup, boys,  
 Flowing by and by.

---

*Recitation for the Close of a Meeting.*

DEAR friends, we hope what has been said to-night  
 some good will do ;

'Tis not for mere amusement our pieces we've gone  
 through.

We wish to get both old and young to join the tem-  
 perance cause,

To put the drinking customs down, and drunkard-  
 making laws.

'Tis said that sixty thousand souls each year by drink  
 are slain,

And God's Word says the drunkard's doom is ever-  
 lasting pain ;

Oh ! think of this, ye moderate men who take a glass  
 or two :

These poor inebriates once began with little drops, like  
 you.

Oh ! think of all the drink-cursed homes—of little  
 children there,

Who never sing sweet hymns of praise or breathe a  
 simple prayer ;

But roam about the streets at will, ill clad, ill fed, un-  
 taught,

Until, by bad companions led, to some bad end they're  
 brought.

Do let us see, before we part, that we some good have  
 done ;  
 All you who have not signed the pledge, come, sign it  
 every one,  
 And then with all these liquors successfully you'll  
 cope,  
 And God will smile upon our work and bless our Band  
 of Hope.

---

*Good Advice from a Young Adviser.*

“ BE sure you are right, and then go ahead.”  
 As soon as you're sleepy, run straight off to bed.

Before you speak crossly, or act very naughty,  
 Go look in the glass long enough to count forty.

Don't swear, chew, or steal, and be kind to the poor,  
 And wipe your feet clean when you enter the door.

---

*A Boy's Resolve.*

T. R. THOMPSON.

WHAT ! drink the drunkard's drink ?  
 No, sir, I will never ;  
 For I've signed the temperance pledge,  
 And I'll keep it ever.

What ! tamper with the nation's curse,  
 Barter health and reason,  
 Break a sacred, solemn vow ?  
 That, sir, would be treason.

What ! blight my parents' hopes,  
 Life's endearments sever,  
 Nurse a serpent in my breast ?  
 No, sir, that I'll never !

What ! break the temperance pledge ?

No, not if I know it.

'Tis the safeguard of my youth ;

Firm support I owe it.

---

### *Prevention or Cure—which?*

JOHN B. GOUGH.

“PREVENTION is better than cure.” It is a great work to save a drunkard. It is worth a life-effort to lift a man from degradation. It is worth a mighty self-sacrifice to lift a man up and enable him to stand as *a man*, shaken free from his debasement and his fetters. But to prevent his fall is far better.

A boy when asked, “Would you tell a lie for fifty dollars?” replied, “No ; because when the dollars are gone the lie will stick.” Though we may reform a man from drunkenness, no one can ever fully recover from the effects of years of dissipation and intemperance. You put your hand in the hand of a giant, and he crushes it. You shriek in your agony, and by and by, with a desperate effort, you draw forth your hand. It is crushed, and torn, and mangled, and bleeding. That hand may be at last healed ; but it will be a mutilated hand as long as you live. And so a man may be cured of this evil of drunkenness ; but the marks are upon him, and will be to the day of his death. Therefore it is a greater work to prevent than it is to cure, and prevention is the work in which we are engaged.

No one would suppose that there would be opposition to this work ; but there are some persons who oppose everything that does not suit their own narrow views, or that they themselves have not suggested, and so there is opposition. The great objection seems to be

that these children are led and enticed to sign the pledge without appealing to their understanding. Sir Walter Scott once said: "It is all folly to talk of *writing down* to the capacity of children. Give them something to grasp after, and they will grasp that which will astonish you." We often hear shrewd remarks from children, and we call them "haphazard," but they are not.

I knew two boys very well. One of them was about ten years old. His name was Willie and the other's was Jamie. Jamie was seated on a doorstep whittling a stick, as Yankee boys do. The other boy, Willie, had caught a fly, and, holding it in his fingers, he said: "What a queer thing a fly is, isn't it? Just look at its legs. Look at its wings. When I blow him he'll buzz! An't it queer? I wonder how God made him." *That* has been a wonder to many. Professor Huxley cannot answer that question. No scientist can. "Jamie, how do you suppose God made a fly?" The little fellow, whittling away at his stick, said: "Why, Willie, God don't make things as carpenters makes things—putting on 'em together and a-fitting of 'em. God says, 'Let there be flies,' and then there is flies.'" Call that "haphazard"? No! That boy had heard or read the sublime passage, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." And thence he reasoned out the creative power of the Almighty.

### *My Sentiments.*

(FOR A LITTLE BOY.)

MRS. R. B. W. CRAFTS.

I BELIEVE in being social !  
If a brother man you meet,  
Just say a kind and friendly word  
While passing up the street.

And if a stranger comes this way,  
Be sure you don't forget  
To make him *feel* 'twas good for him  
That you and he had met.

Has a brother or a sister  
Fallen in the slough of sin ?  
Why, lend a hand to pull them out,  
Don't push them farther in.

God has put *sunshine* in your heart ;  
Just let it shine and play  
For every one, in church or street,  
Who happens in your way.

---

### *The Boys We Want.*

A. SARGENT.

BOYS, we want you—OUR COUNTRY wants  
True-hearted, noble boys,  
To make your world a happier place,  
To purify its joys ;  
To stand among the leaders  
Of every righteous cause,  
To spread o'er all the nation  
Right, just, and blessed laws.

Boys, we want you—PATRIOTS call  
You to the conflict now ;  
Beneath the yoke of fashion's power  
See millions daily bow.  
There are hearts with grief o'erflowing ;  
Let us cheer them, if we can.  
Come and help to burst the fetters  
Which surround your fellow-man.

Boys, we want you—TEMPERANCE wants  
Firm, consistent lives to-day ;  
Victory marks her glorious progress,  
Homes are bright beneath her sway.  
Shall the drunkard, lost for ever  
In despair and anguish, die ?  
Let us take the pledge to save him—  
All together—you and I.

Boys, we want you—JESUS wants  
Your hearts His truth to spread ;  
Follow Him in storm and sunshine,  
Ever in His footsteps tread.  
There's a world of light and beauty ;  
This is not the traveller's home :  
We are pressing on to Zion,  
And we want you all to come.

Boys, we want you—GLORY wants  
Every one her crown to wear ;  
Each soul we've happier made on earth  
Will increase its lustre there.  
Time is flying, dashing onward ;  
Soon our day's work must be done ;  
And an earnest, prayerful life, boys,  
Is eternity begun.

---

### *What I Think.*

I THINK that every mother's son,  
And every father's daughter,  
Should drink, at least till twenty-one,  
Just nothing but cold water ;  
And after that they might drink tea,  
But nothing any stronger.  
If all folks would agree with me  
They'd live a great deal longer.



*Dare to Stand Alone.*

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true,  
And dare to stand alone ;  
Stand for the right whate'er ye do,  
Though helpers there be none.

Nay, bend not to the swelling surge  
Of popular sneer and wrong ;  
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge  
With current wild and strong.

Stand for the right ! Humanity  
Implores, with groans and tears,  
Thine aid to break the festering links  
That bind her toiling years.

Stand for the right ! Though falsehood reign,  
And proud lips coldly sneer,  
A poisoned arrow cannot wound  
A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right, and with clean hands  
Exalt the truth on high !  
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts  
Among the passers-by—

Men who have seen, and thought, and felt,  
And yet could hardly dare  
The battle's brunt, but by thy side  
Will every danger share.

Stand for the right ! proclaim it loud !  
Thou'lt find an answering tone  
In honest hearts, and thou no more  
Be doomed to stand alone.

*Nothing but Leaves.*

“NOTHING but leaves”—the words came low,  
 In saddened tones so full of woe ;  
 My heart with anguish then was stirred,  
 While to my ears there came a word—  
                   Tobacco.

“Nothing but leaves”—yet many a slave  
 Has early filled the drunkard’s grave,  
 And sadly owned the tempter’s power,  
 And cursed the day and cursed the hour  
                   When first he used tobacco.

“Tobacco is a poison weed,  
 It was the devil who sowed the seed ;”  
 To raise a crop of gin and rum,  
 Dear friends, I think, most every one  
                   Commences with tobacco.

“Nothing but leaves,” yet something more  
 When once we see the dreadful power  
 It has upon the sons of men  
 Who chew and smoke, and chew again,  
                   The filthy weed—tobacco.

A slave to just a few poor leaves,  
 No matter whose dear heart it grieves—  
 Whoever is a slave like this  
 Can never find in endless bliss  
                   A place for his tobacco.

In heaven tobacco has no place,  
 On earth it is a foe to grace ;  
 And the devil, who sowed the seed,  
 Will say : “Come home, slaves of the weed,  
                   My harvest from tobacco.”

*High-Top Boots.*

[We do not know the name of the writer of the first three verses of this poem, but Mr. Edward Carswell has added the fourth verse, which makes it a capital recitation for a little boy. He must have on a pair of new boots, frequently look proudly down on them, and, with his hands in his pockets, walk around as he recites. Select the smallest boy who can recite well.]

You'd better not call me Captain Boots,  
I've grown too big for that ;  
It is time that I played with girls no more,  
And I think that I'll drop the cat.  
Old hen, if you snap your spurs at me  
You will have to stand a fight with three—  
A couple of boots and a man, do you see ?  
Ho ! pretty good boots ! Ho ! high-top boots,  
Ho ! gentleman's boots for me.

Stand out of the way, I'm going to walk ;  
I'll tread on somebody soon.  
Oh ! how they do squeak. Yes, how they talk !  
I think it is good as a tune.  
They tie themselves without any strings,  
They match like a pair of angel's wings.  
New leather ! I hope you smell the things.  
Ho ! pretty good boots ! Ho ! high-top boots,  
Ho ! gentleman's boots for me.

I wish it was Sunday to go to church,  
I wish it was Monday to play,  
I wish it was Tuesday to ride my horse—  
I wish it was every day.  
I will wear them to bed, for Uncle Jim  
Might fill them with water up to the brim,  
As once I filled his boots for him.  
Ho ! pretty good boots ! Ho ! high-top boots,  
Ho ! gentleman's boots for me.

They're temperance boots, for I wore them first  
To the Band of Hope last night,  
And they squeaked so loud that the chairman said  
That he thought they must be *tight*;  
But they're *temperance* boots, and would just as  
soon

Think of walking straight up to the moon  
As of walking into a drink-saloon.

Ho ! pretty good boots ! Ho ! high-top boots,  
Ho ! *teetotal* boots for me.

---

### *A Little Talk on a Big Subject.*

I AM a little fellow, but I am going to talk about a big subject. 'Tis not too big for such as we are, either. Some men laugh about little boys and girls forming cold-water armies. "What good can *you* do?" Let me tell you. You have heard of a little mouse that a lion helped out of a little trouble, and laughed at him because he said something about returning the favor. Well, the great lion was caught in a hunter's net, and he roared and growled and bit ; this was all he could do. By and by the little mouse came along and gnawed off, one by one, the cords of the great net, and let the lion go. That is what we mean to do. We may be very little mice, but we mean to gnaw off every cord of the great net that has bound down our country for so many years. The net is intemperance, and our cold-water pledge can cut off all the deceiving threads that work so pleasingly, as wine, beer, and cider, as well as the stouter cords, rum, gin, and brandy. Now, don't you think we can do something? We know we can. Intemperance sha'n't catch *us*, at any rate.

*The Independent Man.*

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I STAND before you, one and all,  
To sound aloud the temperance call,  
And picture out, sirs, if I can,  
The real independent man—  
The independent man !

He neither smokes, nor drinks, nor chews ;  
The glass he firmly can refuse ;  
He lives not under terror's ban ;  
He is an independent man—  
An independent man !

By living right he garners health,  
He makes good friends and garners wealth.  
The charms of nature he can scan  
With joy, this independent man—  
This independent man !

He counts his home a place of rest ;  
His wife and children wear the best ;  
No drunken temper mars the plan  
Of this our independent man—  
Our independent man !

The tempter finds him all prepared ;  
His good right arm is ever bared.  
To victory he leads the van,  
This very independent man—  
This independent man !

He who resolved with all his soul  
To dash to earth the " flowing bowl "  
Has been, e'er since the world began,  
The REAL independent man—  
The independent man !

*My First Speech.*

YOU'D scarce expect one of my age  
 To plead for temperance on the stage ;  
 And should I chance to fall below  
 Portraying all the drunkard's woe,  
 Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
 Nor pass my simple story by.

Large streams from little fountains flow ;  
 Great sots from moderate drinkers grow ;  
 And though I now am small and young,  
 No rum shall ever touch my tongue!

Now, where's the town, go far or near,  
 That sells the rum that we do here ?  
 Or where's the boy but three feet high  
 That hates the traffic worse than I ?

*The Drink for You.*

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

EACH flower holds a dainty cup  
 To catch the rain and dew ;  
 Each bonny gem upon its stem  
 Lets the light in and through ;  
 The drink of flowers, distilled in showers,  
 Is just the drink for you.

The nightingale that cheers the vale  
 From crystal streamlets flew  
 On vibrant wings, and when it sings  
 Its notes are clear and true ;  
 The song-birds' drink should be, I think,  
 The drink for birds like you.

The stars so bright that gem the night,  
 Shining like diamonds through,  
 Are sleepless eyes, in sheltering skies,  
 Glancing from curtains blue ;  
 They fling their beams upon the streams  
 That flow with drink for you.

When Hagar prayed for rain and shade,  
 A fountain rose in view,  
 For unseen hands had scooped the sands  
 And brought the waters through ;  
 She wept and smiled, and gave her child  
 The drink that's good for you.

Water alone, where the sun shone  
 From burning skies of blue,  
 He drank with joy. What of the boy ?  
 "A mighty man he grew."  
 "Better than gold is water cold"  
 For boys and girls like you.

---

### *What a Little Child Can Do.*

I'm a very little maid ;  
 Hardly can I talk, 'tis true ;  
 Yet mamma I'd love to aid—  
 This a little child can do !

I can go on busy feet  
 Errands for her, all day through ;  
 Work for her, I feel, is sweet—  
 This a little child can do !

I can hold the great long skein  
 When 'tis tangled and askew,  
 Never wanting to complain—  
 This a little child can do !

I can talk to wicked boys,  
 Tell them what is good and true,  
 Make them love the Sunday-school—  
 This a little child can do !

Tracts on temperance I can give  
 To erring men who drink and chew ;  
 Point out a better way to live—  
 This a little child can do !

---

*Faith, Hope, Charity.*

(FOR A SMALL BOY OR GIRL.)

I HAVE a few remarks to make,  
 And, that I may not waste your time,  
 I guess the shortest way I'll take  
 And give my speech in rhyme.

I am not old enough to teach,  
 But, if I live, may some time be,  
 And so a sermon I will preach  
 On Faith, Hope, Charity.

There's Faith and Hope—I'll say to you  
 I cannot, somehow, make these rhyme,  
 And so I guess I'll leave these two  
 Until another time.

But love you must, because you can,  
 And have a little bit for me ;  
 Let love abound—love God, love man  
 And our Society.

Have faith, have hope, have charity,  
 Love everybody every day,  
 And be as good as you can be,  
 And—*that is all I have to say.*



### *An Address of a Young Volunteer.*

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS : I appear before you, not as a veteran, not as one who has stood in the deadly breach, but as a young soldier, devoted to a glorious cause, and determined to conquer or die on the field of battle.

Friends, let us plant ourselves on the high and holy principles of total abstinence. Let us be sure that our feet are firmly fixed, for the day is at hand which will try our patriotism and our courage. The field is opening wider and wider before us, and every day is adding to our numbers. Our minds as well as our bodies are enlarging. What we do not understand to-day we may understand to-morrow. The weapons which we cannot carry to-day we may carry next year. While our fathers and mothers are going down into the vale of years, we are toiling up its summit. Every day brings with it a more extensive prospect and a stronger eye to encompass it. Then are we not called upon to give our whole hearts to the work? Have we not seen the drunkard go down to the grave, there to lie by the side of his wife whom his cruelty had sent there broken-hearted before him? And does not their blood cry to us from the ground? As we walk among the tombs does not the voice come up from many a drunkard's grave, "Go on, ye youthful heroes! Ye cannot enlist too early in the cause of temperance. King Alcohol has planted his victims thickly around us. It is yours to wrest the weapons from his hand. Go on to victory!"

Friends and fellow-soldiers, let us not hear that voice in vain. Hark! there comes another. The graves of the drunkard's children, by the cold neglect or the murderous hand of those who should have protected them, bid us all "Go on! go on!" As for

me I answer: "I will go on! 'Come life, come death, my voice is still for war.'"

---

### *Water for Me.*

(From *Good Times*.)

*Single Voice*—

WHAT say the joyous birds  
 Warbling in glee?  
 Hark to their cheerful words:  
 "Water for me!"

*School*—Water, pure water, fresh, sparkling, and  
 gushing!

*Boys*— Water for me!

*Girls*— Water for me!

*Single Voice*—

What says the tiny flower,  
 Silvered with dew,  
 Unfolding every hour  
 Beauties to view?

*School*—Water, pure water, fresh, sparkling, and  
 gushing!

*Boys*— Water for me!

*Girls*— Water for me!

*Single Voice* —

What cries the waving grain  
 Up to the sky?  
 "Give us the blessed rain  
 Soon, or we die!"

*School*—Water, pure water, fresh, sparkling, and  
 gushing!

*Boys*— Water for me!

*Girls*— Water for me!

*Single Voice—*

What say the girls and boys,  
Ruddy and fair ?  
“ Give us pure, healthy joys,  
Found only there.”

*School—*Water, pure water, fresh, sparkling, and  
gushing !

*Boys—* Water for me !

*Girls—* Water for me !

---

### *Making Believe.*

ELLA WHEELER.

I THINK it's true of every boy,  
Or almost every one,  
To want to be a soldier  
And carry round a gun.  
They like to play at fighting  
And “ make believe ” a war,  
But I think there are some boys who know  
Just what they're fighting for.

I fight for right and principle,  
Sobriety and truth ;  
My enemies are all strong drinks,  
The licensed foes of youth.  
But sometimes, just for rare good fun,  
To make it lively work,  
I imagine I'm a Russian  
And that cider is a *Turk*.

Again I am a border-man,  
Just ready for the strife,  
And cider is an Indian,  
Who means to take my life.

You ought to see me skirmish then,  
 You ought to hear me shout ;  
 Where'er the red foe lurks I mean  
 To wholly put him out.

Ah ! boys, we need to be alive  
 And ready for the work ;  
 For, worse than any Indian,  
 More cruel than a Turk,  
 Our cider foe is gaining ground,  
 The subtle, crafty thief !  
 And we must leave no stone unturned  
 To bring the wretch to grief.

---

### *A Short Sermon.*

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

I'M going to preach a sermon, and this is my text :  
 "THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

Now, what shall I say next ?  
 Don't you want the Lord to love you ? All of you who  
 say *yes*  
 May raise the right hand. *It is every one*, I guess.  
 Now we shall give you a chance in a little while to  
*show*  
 If you want the Lord to love you. (Take the boxes,  
 boys, and go.)  
 Be a *giver* ; give us money for the temperance cause  
 to-night.  
 He loveth a *cheerful giver* ; give, and you'll be all  
 right ;  
 But you must not look sober, nor selfish, nor unwill-  
 ing ;  
 You may give just what you please, a penny or a  
 shilling,

But if you want the Lord to love you, as in my text,  
you see

You must *look* and *be* as cheerful as ever you can be.  
Now keep that smiling face while you find and give  
your penny—

Borrow some of your neighbor, if you forgot to bring  
any.

It is bad to find no money in your pocket or your purse,  
But to *have* and not be willing to give, that is ten times  
worse !

Don't anybody look solemn, or sober, or selfish, or  
vexed ;

“The Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver”—*that* is my text.

---

*Our Promise.*

WE girls and boys  
Do not think  
It wise, to taste  
The drunkard's drink.

We therefore promise  
To abstain,  
And firm to temperance  
Will remain.

This pledge I take,  
And hope that I  
Shall sober live  
And sober die.

---

*The Cup-Bearer.*

THE little cup-bearer entered the room  
After the banquet was done ;  
His eyes were like the skies of May,  
All bright with a cloudless sun,

His hair a soft and wavy brown,  
His forehead white and high,  
And his gentle voice and courteous mien  
Were a joy to every eye.

The little cup-bearer in his hand  
Carried a silver horn,  
Wherein there flashed a rare old wine  
With a tint like the purple morn.  
Kneeling beside his master's feet—  
The feet of the noble king—  
He raised the goblet : " Drink, my liege,  
The offering that I bring ! "

" Now, nay ! " the good king, smiling, said.  
" But first—a faithful sign  
That thou bringest me no poison draught—  
Taste thou, my page, of the wine ! "  
Then sweet but gravely spoke the lad :  
" My dearest master, *no* !  
Though at thy lightest wish my feet  
Shall gladly come and go. " .

" Rise up, my little cup-bearer ! "  
The king astonished cried.  
" Rise up and tell me straightway why  
Is my request denied ? "  
The young page rose up slowly,  
With sudden paling cheek,  
While all the lords and ladies  
Waited to hear him speak.

" My father sat in princely halls,  
And tasted wine with you :  
He died a wretched drunkard, sire ! "  
(The brave voice tearful grew.)

“I vowed to my dear mother,  
Beside his dying-bed,  
That for her sake I would not taste  
The tempting poison red !”

“Away with this young upstart !”  
The lords impatient cry ;  
But, spilling slow the purple wine,  
The good king made reply :  
“Thou shalt be my little cup-bearer,  
And honored well,” he said ;  
“But see thou bring no wine to me,  
But water pure instead !”

---

### *Tobacco.*

(A SPEECH FOR A BOY.)

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I GO against tobacco because it goes against me. I eschew it ; I will not chew it. I will tell you why. 1st. I do not like the taste of it. It tastes worse than the bitterest medicine ever put to my lips. It is such sickening stuff ! 2d. I don't like the looks of it. In the words of another, When I see the tobacco, I pity the mouth that chews it ; and when I see the mouth that chews it, I pity the tobacco. It has not a taking color. It is of a dirty dirt color. 3d. I don't like the effects of its use. It makes the teeth yellow and brown when they should be white ; it makes the breath sour and offensive when it should be sweet ; it injures the voice, so that those who chew cannot sing and speak to advantage. The voice breaks, and the chorister croaks like a raven when he should sing like a bobolink ; the orator merely barks, and a tobacco bark is very disagreeable. 4th. The habit of chewing is a

filthy habit. Look at the carpets, the stairways, the sitting-rooms where the chewers gather together and roll the quid like a sweet morsel under their tongue. Every one that chews ought to wear a hat shaped like a spittoon, and use it as such wherever he goes ; indeed, he ought to wear it when he sleeps ; such a night-cap might save the pillow-case from stains. 5th. I fear tobacco creates an appetite for liquor. It lights a fire in the throat which water may not put out.

---

### *The House full of Wine.*

BY JOHNSON BARKER.

A GAY little fly on a bright summer's morn  
Went buzzing about 'mid the clover and corn,  
Till, buzzed out of breath, he sat down on a flower,  
And thought he would just take a nap for an hour.  
A spider who built up a dwelling close by,  
Just wanting a morsel to make up a pie,  
Looking out of his window, delightedly sees  
This fat little fly coolly taking his ease.  
So he let himself down with his pulley and thread  
Till he came to a leaf that was over his head,  
And, speaking as kindly as ever he could,  
Began to persuade him he'd come for his good.

“My dear little fly,” said the spider above,  
“I've a house full of wine and a heart full of love;  
You're welcome to both, and I've just come to say  
How glad I shall be of a visit to-day.  
I fear you'll take cold from the damp of this flower;  
There's room in my house, and I dine in an hour.  
Take hold of my arm, you have nothing to fear;  
I'll give you the best, both of welcome and cheer.”



So the poor little fly, with a nod of his head,  
Bowed, smiled, and consented to do as he said ;  
And smacking his lips at the thought of the wine,  
Went up with the spider to rest and to dine.

Up a street and an alley of lilies and grass ;  
Bees, butterflies, crickets start up as they pass,  
And a small lady-bird ran to hide in a rose,  
For fear the great spider should tread on her toes.  
To his mansion he came ; it was knitted with thread,  
And built upon briars, with leaves overhead.  
Without ringing the bell or tapping the door  
They enter at once on the back parlor floor ;  
And the fly, seizing hold of a king-cup of wine,  
When he'd swallowed it down, really thought it  
so fine  
That a blue bottle full by his side on the floor  
He drained at a breath, and then asked for some  
more.

He drank the drink till he suddenly found  
That spider and king-cups were all turning round,  
And, alarmed, he'd at once have been off like a shot,  
But he found that his feet were enchained to the  
spot.  
"O good Mr. Spider ! unfasten my feet,"  
Said the fly, "for I've a lady to meet ;  
Oh ! don't look so fierce—I'm dizzy and queer.  
Pray, pray let me go ! I've been long enough  
here."  
'Twas all of no use, for the poor little fly  
Was killed by the spider to make up his pie—  
A bee who was passing at twelve heard his groans,  
And a cricket at night saw the ants at his bones.

There are men, like the spider, who "make up their pies"

By luring their fellows and blinding their eyes ;  
They tempt them with drink till they've come to disgrace,

And fasten their feet, like the fly's, to the place.  
They build up their webs, both in country and town,  
To catch high and low, from the lord to the clown ;  
There are inns for the rich, and shops for the poor,  
Full of wine, gin, and rum, to attract and allure.  
They'll perhaps talk to you of "their house full of wine,"

And tempt you with that to come in and dine ;  
But *beware!* and take care by the fate of the fly,  
For be sure they but want you to "make up their pie."

---

### *Something to Hate.*

I LOVE the luscious grapes that cling  
In clusters on the vine—  
Bright groups of *neckless bottles* filled  
With nature's harmless wine.  
But when, despoiled of all their charms,  
They fall to low estate,  
Their sweetness into poison turned,  
I've something then to hate !

I love the apples, blushing 'neath  
The sun's too ardent rays ;  
They bring me pleasant memories of  
Dear childhood's happy days.  
But when, by "Folly's" hand transformed,  
They lure and fascinate,  
Their harmlessness and beauty gone,  
I've something then to hate !

I love the graceful barley, which,  
Disguised in beard of gold,  
Goes flirting with the zephyrs like  
A cavalier of old ;  
But when the cruel hand of art  
Doth such a change create  
That wholesome food's to poison turned,  
I've something then to hate.

---

### *What I Like.*

ELLA WHEELER.

IF there's anything I hate to see,  
It's a little boy, like you or me,  
His hat tipped over upon one side,  
Swelling along with a strut and a stride ;

Puffing away at an old cigar,  
Or a nasty pipe that's worse by far,  
His cheek puffed out with a filthy cud,  
Poisoning all his pure young blood ;

Talking slang in a swaggering way,  
Or swearing when he has much to say,  
And striving, in every way he can,  
To make folks think he's a grown-up man.

But I'll tell you what I like to see,  
And what I strive myself to be :  
A merry, cheerful, boyish boy,  
Brimming over with fun and joy ;

Who knows and is glad that he is young,  
Who lets no oaths pollute his tongue,  
Who don't use tobacco in any way,  
Who tries to learn something new each day ;

Who expects in time to walk with men,  
But is willing to be a boy till then ;  
And a boy who rejoices in his youth,  
Who hates low things and loves the truth.

Yes ! that is the boy I like to see,  
And that is what I will strive to be ;  
And I think it safer and better far  
Than swearing and smoking an old cigar.

---

### *The Reason Why.*

(FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.)

A BOSTON master said one day,  
"Boys, tell me, if you can, I pray,  
Why Washington's birthday should shine  
In to-day's history more than mine ?"

At once such stillness in the hall  
You might have heard a feather fall ;  
Exclaims a boy not three feet high,  
"Because *he* never told a lie !"

---

### *Only One.*

ONLY one ! That is the reason  
You should strive to do your best.  
Never mind your neighbor's duties ;  
Do your own and leave the rest.

You are only one ; then ever,  
Ever till your life is done,  
Bravely, earnestly, and kindly  
Try to do the work of one.

Though your story be not written  
Brightly on the scroll of fame ;  
Though unknown your place of resting,  
And forgotten e'en your name,

Yet the world will still be better  
For the life-task you have done,  
If with true and earnest spirit  
You will do the work of one.

---

### *Our Model Man.*

JULIA COLMAN.

WOULD you like to know what kind of a man we are going to take for our model ? It is not the reformed man, though we are glad he reformed. We wish all the drinking men would reform. But we don't mean to be reformed men when we grow up, because, you see, we do not mean to drink. The man that we propose to copy after is the man that never drank a single glass of intoxicating liquors in all his life. Do you know any such man ? I think may be you might find one or two right around here. Any way, I am sure it can be done. The Bible tells us about one man that did it, and that was Samuel. And there is another man that has done it. He lives in the northern part of the State of New York. He is one hundred and two years old. I don't know as I shall live to be so old as that, but I am sure I should live longer without drink than I should with it. Any way, while I do live I should like to glory in the fact that I never drank intoxicating liquors. Boys, how many of you will strike hands with me on that, and take for your model the man that never drank ?

*Caw! Caw! Caw!*

EDWARD CARSWELL.

The effect is very comical if the "caws" are well mimicked.

CAW ! caw ! caw !  
 I am a poor old crow !  
 And I just want to know  
     Why you treat us with cruelty and scorn ?  
     Caw ! caw ! caw !  
 Why you shoot us with a gun,  
 And seem to think it fun,  
     If we just take a grain or two of corn ?

Caw ! caw ! caw !  
 Yet you'll make it into drink,  
 Which does more harm, I think,  
     Than all the crows that ever flew in air ;  
     Caw ! caw ! caw !  
 For *it* blights where'er it flows,  
 Killing men instead of crows.  
     Then why not *eat*, and let *us* have a share ?  
     Caw ! caw ! caw !

*Beware of " Crooked Whiskey."*

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

OF all the crooked things in life  
 To breed distemper, care, and strife,  
     The crookedest is whiskey.  
 For those who drink it day by day  
 There is no "straight and narrow way";  
 By devious winding paths they stray.  
     Beware of crooked whiskey !

A man may be as upright, sir,  
 As yonder poplar, ash, or fir ;  
 But let him take to whiskey,  
 And you will see, my watchful friend,  
 His blood will turn, his back will bend,  
 And "crooked" fancies prove his end—  
 And all by drinking whiskey.

The drunkard's wife and children know  
 Such crooked facts in homes of woe ;  
 They hate the name of whiskey.  
 In crooked paths their shoeless feet  
 Go wearily from street to street,  
 And scanty is the bread they eat,  
 And all by crooked whiskey.

Beware, beware, my friends, beware !  
 Don't do a thing so risky  
 As breeding strife and shortening life  
 By drinking crooked whiskey.

---

*Who Killed Tom Roper?*

MRS. C. H. OBEAR.

WHO killed Tom Roper ?  
 Not I, said New Cider ;  
 I couldn't kill a spider—  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Strong Ale ;  
 I make men tough and hale—  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Lager-Beer ;  
 I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear ? [Cross.]  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Bourbon Whiskey ;  
I make sick folks spry and frisky ;  
The doctors say so—don't they know  
What quickens blood that runs so slow ?  
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said sparkling old Champagne :  
No poor man e'er by me was slain ;  
I cheer the rich in lordly halls,  
And scorn the place where the drunkard  
falls—  
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not we, said various other wines.  
What ! juice of grapes, product of vines,  
Kill a man ! The Bible tells  
That wine all other drinks excels—  
We didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Holland Gin ;  
To charge such a crime to me is sin—  
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, spoke up the Brandy strong ;  
He grew too poor to buy me long—  
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Medford Rum ;  
He was almost gone before I come—  
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Ha ! ha ! laughed old Prince Alcohol :  
Each struck the blow that made him fall ;  
And all that helped to make him toper  
My agents were to kill Tom Roper.



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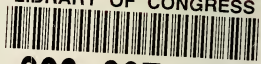








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